PC3635
.29E78

PS 635
.Z9 E78
Copy 1

BAKER'S
ACTING PLAYS

The Christening Robe

Price 25 Cents *Performance free*

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Christening Robe

A Comedy in One Act

By
ANNE L. ESTABROOK

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1917

PS635
.L9E18

The Christening Robe

CHARACTERS

(*As originally produced at the Town Hall, Fitzwilliam, N. H., in August, 1914.*)

NORA MULVEY	*Miss Anne L. Estabrook*
PATRICK MULVEY, *Nora's husband* .	*Mr. Ralph Jefferson*
MRS. RYAN, *Nora's mother* . .	*Miss Mary Caroline Blair*
SARAH MULVEY, *Patrick's sister* .	*Miss Marguerite Kimbal*

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ANNE L. ESTABROOK

Professional and moving picture rights reserved.

$0.25

©CLD 45873

JAN -9 1917

TMP96-007296

The Christening Robe

SCENE.—*A pleasant tenement kitchen, with clean brown walls, curtains at the windows and sunlight shining in. At upper* R. *a door leads into the hall. At* L. *back a door opens into the bedroom. There is a window* L., *with a rocking-chair near it. At* R. *back is a cupboard. At* C. *back is the stove, well-blacked. Near the stove is a sink under window. On the right side of the stage is a table with a folded table-cloth on it. At* L. *a baby carriage, evidently containing a very small baby. Four straight chairs.*

(*As the curtain rises,* NORA MULVEY, *a thin, good-looking, somewhat untidy Irishwoman of about thirty-five, is paring potatoes, seated by baby carriage. Now and then she pushes the carriage. Looks into the oven, then at the fire, then into the carriage. She straightens the window-curtains, looking out down the street as she does so. Arranges a lock or two of hair, goes again to window, as if watching for some one whom she presently sees. She waves and beckons.*)

NORA (*her head out of window*). Patrick! Come along up!

(*She goes to table and shakes out cloth. Enter* PATRICK MULVEY, *an honest, kindly, red-headed Irishman, with intensely blue eyes. He is about her age.*)

PAT. (*putting his dinner-pail on table and looking around*). Ye've made the place look fine!

NORA. I've been on the top of me head all day gettin' it done. (*Opens cupboard door.*) I've cleaned the cupboard. I've scrubbed the floor. I've sent the childern over to me mother's to be out of Sarah's way when she first gets here. I've done the winders an' the winder curtains an' the bedroom where she'll lay her hat. But if that christenin' dress comes

home late or with a rip or a tear of anny sort an' yer sister Sarah finds that I've lent her grand present to anny one at all ——

PAT. Haven't the Leahys sent back the dress?

NORA. They have not. (*Puts potatoes into kettle.*)

PAT. Likely they're havin' it washed.

NORA. Washed! That grand dress? I'd thank them to let no water touch it. Time enough for forty washin's, an' their baby christened Wednesday. I don't like the way of it at all.

PAT. It will come back to-morrer, in time for church.

NORA. To-morrer, me good man? An' yer sister Sarah likely to drop in at anny moment now!

(*Puts kettle on stove.*)

PAT. What else could ye do an' Mrs. Leahy, poor woman, askin' the loan? How would we feel when our baby stands for the holy water if hers had gone to the church, shamin' her?

NORA. True enough! But is yer sister Sarah, that's hardly been inside our door twice a year since we married, likely to take it kindly that I lent her present of a christenin' dress to the wife of the man that wouldn't wait a year for herself?

PAT. Come, Nora. That's ten years since. A good woman like Sarah, a gen'ral girl with the highest wages, ain't goin' to spend ten years over a disapp'intment. (*Gives her envelope.*) Open me pay-envelope, an' give me some money for me terbaccer.

NORA (*taking it*). Sooner than she should know I'd lent the dress to Barty Leahy's child, I'd take six dollars from yer envelope, an' buy another like it, if hers has come to harm!

PAT. Are ye wild? (*Snatches envelope from her. She drops into chair rather pettishly.*) What am I, a workin' man makin' ten dollars a week an' all goin' well, to spend six on a baby's dress? Come, Nora, ye've overdone yeself. Ye shall sleep, me girl, an' I'll get the breakfast to-morrer. Give me the money.

(*He gives back envelope.*)

NORA. Here's twenty-five. I won't give ye the car fares till Monday. Ye'd not want so much loose change in yer pockets.

PAT. Ye make too much of the matter.

NORA (*listlessly*). Wheel the baby into the bedroom. It's too hot for her here.

(*Exit* PAT., L. *back, wheeling carriage. He reënters immediately. Finds* NORA *in same attitude.*)

PAT. Sarah'll not be hard on ye.

NORA. She's been as hard as a rock since we married.

PAT. Suppose I'd stayed single a year longer an' kept on helpin' her with the old people, the way she'd been free to marry Barty Leahy? Would she ——

NORA (*interrupting*). She'll take no one's word she'd not have been well off with him for a man.

(*Puts envelope in cupboard.*)

PAT. Her sendin' the dress was a sign that she'd made up ——

NORA. With you an' the childern! An' for that same reason I'll die if that dress has come to harm, for she's not said one kind word for me in all these years!

(*Spreads table-cloth.*)

PAT. She spoke as kind for ye as anny one could ask at Jacky Murphy's wake.

NORA (*her face lighting*). She did?

PAT. As God's above me!

NORA. What did she say?

PAT. How nice ye were to work with when the two of ye lived out together. How pleasant ye were with young fellers (*banteringly*) an' how manny ye could have, but ye weren't the sort to pick up anny one! It was all that that made me invite her to stand for the baby.

NORA. An' ye never told me!

PAT. I'm tellin' ye now.

NORA (*delighted*). So she's ready to be friends again! Poor Sarah! Sure Barty Leahy's nothin' for a girl like her to mourn. (*Runs to cupboard, gets envelope.*) Here's ten cents more. Get me a quarter of a pound of the best butter. She's used to the best, bein' in service. (*Gives him ten cents, then drops envelope on table, and flings open oven door.*) Butter! An' me biscuits in the oven. (*Takes pan out.*) Thank God they're not so much as scortched.

PAT. They're grand, Nora! As fine an' light lookin' as anny ye ever made. I'll say this for ye, if it's me last word—ye never wasted one cent of me money on baker's bread.

NORA. An' even if I had, which I never did, would I set baker's stuff before Sarah? (*Puts pan of biscuits and* PAT.'s *dinner-pail in cupboard. Puts on clean apron.*) There's no one I'd rather have stand godmother for the child. Sarah has a tongue in her head ——

PAT. She's ardent ——

NORA. She's spirited (*as she washes face and hands at sink*) but she's very religious, the way she'd hardly give a civil word to ye Sunday if she missed Mass: she's religious, if I say it of anny one, an' them that stands round when our baby's christened will see that the godmother gives no less than five dollars to the priest.

PAT. Ye're right, Nora!

NORA. An' after her speakin' so kindly—it ain't as if she'd talked mean behind me back at Jack Murphy's wake—I'll die now sooner than she shall know how I lent her present to the child of a man she'd have taken for herself!

PAT. Why, Nora! A minute ago ye said it was because she hadn't spoke kindly ——

Enter MRS. RYAN, R. *She is an old Irishwoman, hardly at all Americanized.*

MRS. R. Ah, God—Nora—Patrick—did ye see the ambulance?

NORA (*the current of her thought entirely changed*). Ambulance, mother?

PAT. The police ambulance, Mrs. Ryan?

MRS. R. God love ye, no! I was in me kitchen, keepin' yer young ones quiet the way Nora told me, an' the hospital ambulance come down the street an' turned yer corner.

(NORA *rushes to window.*)

NORA. God be good to us, there it stands now!

MRS. R. (*crowding up*). Step back, Nora, the way I can see.

(*Settles herself in rocker, with a mingling of absorbed interest, easy piety and real sympathy, which latter in no wise detracts from her innocent enjoyment of the event.*)

NORA (*in excited reflection*). There's the Kellys on the first floor an' the Burnses on top an' the Leahys in the middle. Run along down, Patrick, an' see what it's all about!

PAT. (*calmly filling pipe*). I will.

MRS. R. God help them! God help the poor souls! Ah, God help them that's in trouble! Nora, ain't ye got the grand place fer to see it all?

NORA (*going up to* PAT. *to push him*). Run along down, Patrick!

PAT. (*calmly*). I will!

(*Lights his pipe and exit,* R. NORA *returns to window.*)

MRS. R. Here's the folks runnin'—runnin'—— Ah, I'm always sorry to see an ambulance stand before anny door! Pull the curtain back—pull the curtain back, the way I can see better! Ah, there's nothin' but sickness an' trouble in all this world.

NORA (*with meaning*). I dreamed last night that I was in a cimit'ry, an' I couldn't find the gate.

MRS. R. Ah, well, acushla, now yer dream's out.

NORA. There's two died from this court already.

MRS. R. (*solemnly, but losing no detail outside*). When two goes, they takes a third along.

NORA (*fervently and still keenly watching*). I hope that God will give them a good bed in heaven.

MRS. R. May He have mercy on their souls.

NORA. Mother! There's the district doctor!

MRS. R. Here himself to see the sick one off! They're comin'!

NORA (*crowding forward*). God save an' help us!

MRS. R. (*pushing her*). Don't get in the way of me, Nora! Can't ye take the other winder an' leave me see?

NORA (*running to the other window*). They're here!

MRS. R. There's yer own man pushin' back the people.

NORA. God bless Patrick for his thoughtfulness!

MRS. R. Would ye think people could come crowdin' to see a sad sight like that?

NORA. A man!

MRS. R. Ah, sorrer, sorrer, there's nothin' but sickness an' sorrer—— (*In reproachful entreaty.*) Why can't Patrick keep them back the way I can see?

NORA. There he is! A big, black-haired feller——

MRS. R. (*excitedly*). Black-haired!

NORA. Yes, Barty Leahy!

MRS. R. The poor man! The poor man! Ah, he was the handsome young feller.

NORA. Poor Sarah! He was then in the army.

MRS. R. Whatever's happened to the lad, Nora?

NORA (*calling out of window*). Patrick!

MRS. R. (*calling out of window*). Patrick Mulvey!

NORA. Come over beneath the winder, Pat!

MRS. R. (*also out of window*). What's wrong with poor Leahy?

NORA. Broken his leg!

(*Expressions of deepest sympathy on her face and her mother's.*)

MRS. R. (*pityingly*). Ah, will ye hear that?

NORA. How did the poor feller do it, Patrick?—Fallin' down-stairs? (*Sympathy gives way to understanding. Still leaning out, as if conversing with* PAT., *she goes through motions of tipping bottle to lips; waits for answer, nods and turns from window.*) I thought so! Dead drunk he was when he done it! That is the sort of feller Barty Leahy is. (*Piously self-complacent.*) Thank God now that I lent his poor child me own baby's christenin' dress!

MRS. R. (*sharply*). Ye done what, Nora?

NORA (*still with air of deep satisfaction*). I lent his wife—Leahy himself fetched it over—I lent his baby, that had nothin' but an old slip to wear to church, with the neighbors standin' round an' rubberin' round, ready to go off an' say what the child had on—I lent them ——

MRS. R. For the love of Heaven, Nora, what did ye lend them?

NORA (*with quiet pride*). I lent them the dress that Patrick's sister Sarah sent for our baby's christenin' to-morrer.

MRS. R. Then Mary help ye, woman! For that's the dress that Barty Leahy sold.

NORA. Sold!

MRS. R. Where have ye been that ye didn't hear it? Mrs. Reilly was tellin' it. Over the fence he sold it, to a Jew peddlin' man.

NORA. My baby's christenin' dress, before I meself had barely time to look at it? (*Her horror gives way to wild emotion.*) Now whatever have I done an' whatever will happen at all? Mother, mother, me heart is broke with dresses

an' with christenin's, with quarrels an' with borrerin's, with stealin's an' with ——

MRS. R. Hush, Nora!

NORA. I'd rather a hunderd times have lost the money. I'd have given it them from the insurance an' been buried by the city sooner than meet Sarah without her present to-day. Oh, if it had been pawned I'd have faced him for the ticket, an' I'd have got the dress again before the sun went down! But what's the use me follerin' a Jew peddler all up an' down the world beyond this city? No use nor hope me doin' it at all!

MRS. R. Ye make too much of the dress. It ain't the dress ——

NORA. I do? No child of mine was ever christened that the church didn't get a present. How will it get a present now Sarah won't be godmother no more? It's nothin' will be given Father Burke when my baby stands at the font to-morrer but the bit his father will hand over, an' Patrick will die for shame.

MRS. R. Listen to me!

NORA. It was lace from top to bottom up an' down the front, in a pattern of leaves, the grandest ever I see.

MRS. R. It ain't the dress saves the child but the holy water.

NORA. Oh, that before the holy water had touched my baby, another should make off with its christenin' robe!

MRS. R. Hush now, Nora! What will the neighbors say to yer racket? It wasn't the baby stole it. The thing's done. Get out the cups. Ye'll have to give her tea.

NORA. Tea! The first Sarah's drunk in ten years in my kitchen! The last she'll drink here till judgment day.

MRS. R. (*impatiently*). What of it? Ye'll both have somethin' different from christenin' dresses on yer minds then.

NORA. What of it? An' himself wantin' peace with his sister an' respect for me from her the way he thinks of it mornin's an' evenin's, weekdays an' Sundays, summer an' winter every time an' all?

MRS. R. Whatever she says himself will stand up for ye! An' because ye lent a dress to a neighbor's young one ye think that Sarah ——

NORA (*interrupting*). Will she that said I could neither make nor mend, as me Aunt Bridget told me in her last sickness, take it kindly that I must lose the present bought with

her money, through means of the child of a man she wanted for herself? that jilted her?

MRS. R. (*rising in exasperation*). I'm sick of yer nonsense! Is marryin' the one thing in the world? Will a girl that's done as well as Sarah treasure up sorrer, to the end of her days, at bein' a maiden? I meself will get out the cups.

NORA (*beginning to do it herself*). Yes, get out the cups. (*Bitterly, as she sets table.*) Put supper on the table. Let all sit round in the midst till she hears what I've done. (*Puts kettle on stove.*) Boil the water. Make the tea. Let everythin' be the finest! But me heart will be scalded, unless some miracle comes to pass.

MRS. R. (*pointing to envelope on table, then turning to regulate fire*). Put yer man's pay envelope in the cupboard, where it belongs.

(NORA *stares at it, and her decision comes with overpowering force.*)

NORA. I'll have that dress! (*Picks up envelope.*)

MRS. R. (*still bending over fire*). How?

NORA (*hiding money in front of dress*). I'll have as good as that dress! (*Drops envelope.*)

MRS. R. (*turning*). Where'll it come from?

NORA (*catching up a small cape from cupboard*). I'll buy another as like the one that's gone as me one hand is to the other, with the same pattern of leaves in the lace that trims it ——

MRS. R. Ye're crazy! Where'll ye get the money?

NORA. —— without a differ of anny sort whatever, to be thrown up against me by Sarah, from now till the day I die!

[*Exit*, R.

MRS. R. (*following her to door*). Nora! Sure ye ain't goin' to run into debt for it? Nora! Where do ye think ye can borrer it? Have ye annythin' in the bank an' me not knowin' it? (*Hurries to window.*) Where did ye put the envelope? (*Startled, she hurries to cupboard; looks here and there, closes door and drops into chair at table with the gesture of a person who doesn't know what to think.*) Ah, God! (*In a moment she rises, and begins looking again. A knock at the door. She catches up a broom and begins to sweep.*) Come in! (*Enter* SARAH MULVEY. *She is a woman about thirty-two or three, pretty and vigorous looking, but with a refinement that distinguishes her from* NORA. *Except as a result*

of contrast, however, she is not different from many girls of her class. She is neatly and becomingly dressed, on the whole quietly and in good taste, though she by no means affects a severe style. She carries several packages. When she speaks, there is much charm in her voice.) So it's yeself?

SARAH. It is. An' this must be Nora's mother, Mrs. Ryan.

MRS. R. None other. To think ye've not forgotten me! Come in, come in, Miss Mulvey, an' take a chair.

SARAH. "Sarah," not "Miss Mulvey" to you, ma'am. Let me take the broom. (*Puts parcels on table.*)

MRS. R. (*holding it*). No, no, Sarah, not in yer pretty dress.

SARAH (*taking possession of it*). I've had a broom in me hands before. What's that?

(*Picks something up from floor.*)

MRS. R. A piece of Patrick's pay envelope.

(MRS. R. *clutches it from her.* SARAH *is a little surprised.*)

SARAH. It's empty, Mrs. Ryan. (*Looks around with approval in which is a faint superiority.*) Indeed, Nora has made the place look very well.

MRS. R. (*hastily*). Always looks as ye see it now, dear!

SARAH. Where's Nora?

MRS. R. (*unwillingly*). Nora stepped out.

SARAH. What for?

MRS. R. Indeed, I can't say.

SARAH. I wouldn't have her go for to get in extras for me. I'll run down the street after her, before she buys out the shop for tea. (*Starts to leave room.*)

MRS. R. (*affecting to be aggrieved*). So ye can't stay to talk with Nora's mother?

SARAH (*coming back*). Ah, Mrs. Ryan, ye must excuse me. I think quick an' I act quick. Sure I don't even know the way she's gone.

MRS. R. Take this chair by the winder, dear. There's a good breeze an' a fine view of the street.

SARAH (*sitting by window as* MRS. R. *sits by table*). Ain't there somethin' I could do for Nora? She was one sometimes let work get ahead of her.

MRS. R. Thank ye, dear, she's been turnin' inside an' out gettin' everythin' done.

SARAH. There might be a bit of sewin'. She's not one would think of tightenin' a button. I'll overlook them on the christenin' dress. (*Rises.*)

MRS. R. (*pushing her back into chair*). That grand dress? There's nothin' to touch or alter in anny sort of way on a dress yeself sent.

SARAH. It might not fit the child. She'd hardly think of seein' was the neck too big or the sleeves too long.

MRS. R. No, no, stay where ye are an' take yer comfort.

SARAH. Wouldn't I take full as much without me hands lyin' idle in me lap? (*Rises.*) Ah, Mrs. Ryan, tell me where the dress is!

MRS. R. I can't tell, an' that is God's truth, Sarah. Nora is that careful, the dress is laid away, I cannot say where.

SARAH (*slowly*). That's odd. (*Sits again.*)

MRS. R. They say ye've a fine place. (*She speaks hastily.*) Ye're very lucky.

SARAH. Could ye see the girls works out as I see them, ye'd say me family was lucky, too.

MRS. R. They are, Sarah. It's not every one has you to work for them.

SARAH. They may not have me always, for I've a plan in me mind.

MRS. R. A plan?

SARAH (*with sudden melancholy*). What's the good plannin'? When ye get my age, likely it's only second-best ye can plan.

MRS. R. If ye get what ye want, it sometimes turns out second-best an' worse.

SARAH (*throwing off melancholy*). So, though I could have as good a cook's place as anny in the city, by me own choice I'm a gen'ral girl. I get good wages. I have me every other Thursday an' me Sunday. I do what's needful for the family, but I'm not troubled with a noisy crew hangin' about me kitchen, destroyin' me temper while I cook their meals. I live with the gentry an' I'm content.

MRS. R. Manny's the woman with her half dozen young ones tyin' her down would be thankful to change places with you.

SARAH (*looking out of window, with a slight start*). Is that ——

MRS. R. What was it ye saw, dear?

SARAH (*slowly and with attempted indifference*). A woman

that was Mamie Brady.—She married a black-haired feller, was a short while in the army.—A lad—me brothers used to know.

MRS. R. Ah, sure, yes.—Barty Leahy. Well, lucky for them that stays single, as a girl in a good place knows.

SARAH. So he's a neighbor of yours?

MRS. R. In his way.

SARAH. Has he childern?

MRS. R. Childern? (*With a short laugh.*) Sivin of them.

SARAH. Does he make good pay?

MRS. R. When he works. An' to-day this same Barty Leahy, on his way down-stairs, havin' been drinkin' ——

SARAH. I never did think much of Mamie Brady! So Nora's settled to call the little girl Sarah Rose? There's roses, —ye may have noticed,—small roses in a pattern of leaves in the lace on the bit of a christenin' dress.

MRS. R. Roses!

Enter NORA, *out of breath, a dress over her arm. There is an instant's awkward pause.*

NORA. Sarah! Ye're more than welcome.

SARAH (*with a breath of relief*). Thank ye kindly, Nora. I'm more than glad to be here.

(*They shake hands.* MRS. R. *takes dress and goes toward bedroom.*)

NORA. Why are ye goin' off with the dress, mother?

MRS. R. I'm goin' to lay it away careful in the bureau.

NORA (*taking it from her mother's unwilling hands*). Not so fast. (*To* SARAH.) I just stepped out, as I told me mother, to show it to some of the neighbors.

MRS. R. I didn't hear ye say that!

NORA. Ye didn't? (*Unknown to* MRS. R., *she smiles meaningly at* SARAH *and touches fingers to ears; then steps forward so that her mother sees and holds up dress.*) Ain't that a beauty, now? An' yer own choice, Sarah. I never see such elegant lace.

MRS. R. (*taking dress*). I'll lay it on the bed. (*Exit muttering.*) A fine dress like that hangin' round the kitchen ——

NORA (*amazed*). Whatever has got into her?

SARAH. She's old, Nora.—Ye're lookin' pale.

NORA (*in a quiet, matter-of-fact way*). I've been a hard road since ye last saw me.

SARAH. I've brought ye a little butter an' a few fresh eggs.

NORA. Why did ye go to all that trouble? The best of eggs, as anny one can see.

(*She is holding them up to light. There is still a little constraint between the two women.*)

SARAH. Use them for yeself.

NORA (*moved*). For meself? No one shall get a sight at them, since ye say so. Ye're more than kind ——

SARAH. I always liked ye, Nora. Ye know that very well.

NORA. An' may I never forget the day yer present come, an' it wasn't the dress nor the worth of it I cared so much for as thinkin' ye'd be comin' in an' out Sundays an' Thursdays like a sister from now on.

SARAH. Sure the pleasantest times I remember was the years we worked out together. I'd never work with another girl since. Nora, there was somethin' I once said that I wish unsaid,—about makin' an' mendin',—got round to yer ears.

NORA. One that's gone repeated it to me.

SARAH. It was natural, she bein' a relation,—but ——

NORA. But I know well it lost nothin' comin' through her.

SARAH. Then we'll let it rest?

NORA. With all me heart, Sarah! There'll always be a place here for ye. The children are wild to see ye. An' I'll keep yer trunk for ye anny time ye like.

SARAH. I'll remember that, Nora. An' now, what can I do to help ye for to-morrer? Can I take a stitch to tighten things in the baby's dress?

NORA. The very idea! (*Calls.*) Mother! Who but yeself would have thought of that, Sarah? Mother! Ye always sewed like a lady. Mother! I never knew that mother was hard of hearin' before.

MRS. R. (*from within*). What is it ye want?

NORA. Just bring out the dress.

(MRS. R. *appears in door.*)

MRS. R. Why should ye want that clean dress knockin' around the kitchen?

NORA. Sarah's goin' to overlook it an' perhaps take a stitch or two.

MRS. R. A stitch! Before ye've so much as offered yer man's sister a cup of tea?

NORA. Will ye not have a cup, Sarah? The water's boilin' an' it will be but the work of a moment.

SARAH. Time enough for tea at supper. Let's have the dress.

MRS. R. I was faint for a cup of tea, but I'll go.

NORA. Have the tea, mother. Ye know very well ye're more than welcome to it, an' a bit of bread an' butter too.

MRS. R. I'll not take me tea in another's house alone, like they was givin' me cold victuals at the door.

NORA. Whatever's got into ye, mother?

SARAH (*good-naturedly*). Ah, well, Nora, let's the three of us have a cup together first.

MRS. R. Thank ye, Sarah. Ye're a good woman. Thank God ye've prospered. Thank God ye ain't tied down to a bad man.

SARAH (*with a transitory cloud*). Ah—no ——

(*She sits at left of table, facing audience, leaning her head on her hand, while* MRS. R. *and* NORA *put tea things on.*)

NORA (*at stove*). I had a queer dream last night, that I was in a cimit'ry an' couldn't find the way out.

SARAH (*her melancholy wholly vanishing*). I dreamed last night, too. (MRS. R. *and* NORA *come to table with milk, sugar and tea. They sit,* NORA *in middle,* MRS. R. *at* R. NORA *pours tea.*) I dreamed that I was home, the week before I sailed to America.

NORA. Here's yer tea, Sarah. (SARAH *pours a little into saucer.*) Here, mother.

(MRS. R. *leaves hers before her, untouched.*)

SARAH. I mind that week well. (*Drinks from saucer, more daintily than* NORA.) They took me to see the soldiers drillin' at a fort.

NORA. Ye always loved brass buttons.

SARAH (*lightly*). It begun then. There was a young officer with his men. Very tall an' straight. A fine way with him. I seen him once or twice, or upwards of a dozen times. Black-haired an' black-eyed. A great bow an' smile when he met his friends. No two ways about it, he was a great gentleman. I dream of that fort often an' often still.

NORA. That's comical. Why ain't ye drinkin' yer tea, mother, now ye've got it?

MRS. R. (*almost grimly*). I'm lettin' it cool.

NORA. Then pour it into yer saucer. (*Starts to do so.*)

MRS. R. (*protecting tea*). Leave me tea be!

NORA. It ain't like ye to be so quiet.

MRS. R. Don't fret.

NORA. Ye ain't got no milk in yer tea, Sarah.

SARAH. I learned to like it without long since.

NORA (*without thinking*). 'Twas Barty Leahy taught ye that. (*Embarrassed.*) Whatever made him come into me mind?

SARAH. I've heard he's a neighbor of yours. Ye may remember, Patrick an' Michael went round with him for a while. I never thought highly of him meself.

NORA (*pleased and vastly relieved*). Is that so, Sarah? Well, Patrick has no use for him at all. (*Vivaciously.*) An' ye'll be interested to know that he's gone in an ambulance to the hospital not an hour since with ——

SARAH (*with a gasp*). Hospital!

NORA (*with unction*). Gone to the hospital, with a broken leg.

MRS. R. (*hastily*). A very small break, I've heard the neighbors sayin'.

NORA (*waking up to* SARAH'S *agitation*). Not the whole leg at all!

MRS. R. (*pretending to address remarks to* NORA). Not more than one place in the leg.

NORA (*pretending to address her mother*). Certainly! Not more than one place.

MRS. R. (*still addressing* NORA). I've known manny has broken their legs an' not thought of it a month after.

NORA (*to her mother*). There's men has gone around with their spines an' necks broken, an' lived to a green old age. Have a drop more tea, Sarah. Indeed, a leg is nothin' at all.

SARAH (*recovered*). Who said it was? I'll take a sip of milk.

NORA (*laughing*). Indeed those evenin's when Barty Leahy dropped into the kitchen to supper, I think he persuaded us to take tea clear, so that he could have the milk for himself.

SARAH (*with a flash*). Ye were always very hard on him, Nora! I do not agree with ye at all. He took his own tea clear.

NORA (*with a laugh of reminiscence*). More than once I've seen him empty the cream jug in his cup.

SARAH. I was not watchin' to see what me comp'ny done. There's jugs a man can empty worse than cream.

NORA. Sure Barty's emptied plenty such.

SARAH (*with an effort at control*). Let's leave him rest in peace.

MRS. R. That's a good word.

NORA. Have another cup of tea, mother. Why, ye've not touched it! An' Sarah wantin' to overlook the dress, an' you sayin' how bad ye wanted yer tea first!

MRS. R. I wanted me tea, an' I likes me tea, but I wants to drink it *slow*.

SARAH (*wholly mistress of herself*). Why not, ma'am? Drink it as slow as ye like, an' I'll go get the dress.

MRS. R. (*putting out a detaining hand*). Wait! Did ye ever hear —— (*Clutches* SARAH'S *dress.*)

NORA (*not knowing what to make of it*). Let Sarah get the dress an' then ye can go on with yer story. (*To* SARAH.) She's full of old stories of the old country, as ye remember. There was that comical one (*laughing*) about the man had the little black dog ——

MRS. R. Ah, that was comical. Stop till I think of it.

SARAH. A second to get the dress! I listen better with somethin' in me hands.

MRS. R. Sarah! Can ye help me to remember? There's an old song in me head. Did it go so?

(*Begins to sing in a cracked old voice.*)

SARAH. I've danced to it on a fiddle! (*She begins to dance.* NORA *joins in singing.* MRS. R., *delighted with her success, beats time. Suddenly* SARAH *remembers what she's after.*) Me dancin' days are over!

(*Exit gaily,* L.)

NORA (*looking after her, radiant*). Ah, Sarah, Sarah, ain't ye the great girl yet!

MRS. R. Nora! Where did ye get the dress?

NORA (*in a whisper*). At Brady's round the corner I see them in the winder,—as like the one that's gone as me one hand is to the other. Oh, ain't she the same girl I met in the ship comin' over? Thank God there's no hard feelin's between us anny more!

MRS. R. What pattern had the lace, Nora?

NORA. Didn't I say it's as like the one that's gone as me one hand to the other? Didn't ye see how bould I showed it to Sarah? A pattern of leaves.

MRS. R. So it's for that ye've thrown away yer money!

NORA. Mother! What's wrong? Whatever do ye mean?

MRS. R. Sarah's dress had a pattern of roses,—small roses in the leaves.

NORA (*horrified*). Roses!

Enter SARAH, *with dress.*

SARAH (*laughing*). Manny's the good dance I've had in me kitchen when I first come over. I took a look at the baby. Ain't she the prettiest thing? (*Sits by window.*)

NORA (*going to her, very gently*). Sarah, ye'd better give me the dress.

SARAH. Go along with ye!

NORA. Ah yes, give it to me.

SARAH. Let's hear Mrs. Ryan's comical story.

NORA (*taking hold of dress*). Come now, darlin', ye see ——

SARAH (*with pretense of exasperation*). Such a lot of talk about a bit of sewin'! This dress feels stiff. I thought I sent ye a finer one.

NORA (*slowly and gravely, hiding her apprehension*). Shouldn't the mother do a hand's turn on the christenin' dress?

SARAH (*slowly*). So that's how ye feel?

NORA (*slowly, and with weight, then more rapidly in her fear*). Ye can see for yeself. Sure the godmother's money bought it. But ain't it me first little girl an' is it odd I'd wish to sit down here alone the evenin' before the christenin', to take a stitch or two?

SARAH (*with a faint bitterness, relieved by a sense of humor*). I see. Me money can buy it, but that's all. Ye're like all mothers. Ye put the rest of us where we belong. Here, take the dress. (*Suddenly, before surrendering it, she draws it back and looks at it closely.*) This is not the dress I sent!

NORA (*faltering and drawing back*). Why not the dress ye sent?

SARAH. This dress has a pattern of leaves! (*A moment's silence.* MRS. R., *now that the blow has fallen, begins to drink her tea.* NORA *twists her apron in her fingers.* SARAH

goes on in a low, scornful voice.) So this is why ye were out when I come here. This is why Mrs. Ryan hadn't heard ye give yer reason for bein' away. This is why she didn't know where ye'd put the dress for safe keepin'. This is why she was so anxious to save me the trouble of tightenin' a button or takin' a tuck. This is why bein' a mother ye could let no one but yerself take the last stitch in yer only little girl's christenin' dress! Lies, every one of them all!

NORA (*in a last effort to deny*). What do you mean?

SARAH. Ye know very well what I mean! This is the dress I threw aside! It was not good enough for me godchild's christenin'! It was not good enough for the day that saw me come to me brother's wife, me old friend, the girl I worked out three years with, as if she was me own sister ——

NORA. For the love of God, Sarah, darlin', listen to me!

SARAH. It was not good enough for the sign that I'd put the past behind me, an' forgot how him an' you married an' left the whole care of the old folks on me, an' ——

NORA. Who could have told ——

(MRS. R. *stops drinking her tea.*)

SARAH. So I trimmed me old hat with some of me mistress' cast-off flowers for Easter, an' I bought cotton gloves instead of kid, an' I paid eight dollars for a dress with a pattern of roses, —roses,—for to go with the baby's name.

MRS. R. (*softly and in awe and horror*). Ah, God! Eight dollars!

SARAH. But I might have spared meself the trouble. I might have saved meself the pains. I might have got the cheap dress with the pattern of leaves for six dollars, an' given ye the other two outright, so ye'd have been saved the work of goin' to the store an' changin' the dress I give yer child for the cheap thing I'd have nothin' to do with, an' two dollars in cash!

(*Contemptuously flings down dress.*)

NORA. So that's what ye think I done!

MRS. R. Keep quiet, Nora! Let her say her say!

SARAH. That anny one on earth could be so low as to turn a child's christenin' dress into money! Not even a present I give yeself, but a lace dress for the child,—a thing ye didn't own,—not yours at all! An' changed into money,—why? Was it to put out the washin'?

MRS. R. Put out the washin'!

SARAH. Or is it too much to make the bread yeself?

NORA (*furiously*). Too much to make the bread meself? (*Flings open cupboard door and exhibits bread.*) Look at that, Sarah Mulvey! Look at that! An' that! An' that!

(*She flings it down by dress.*)

SARAH. Or was it tickets to the movin' picters!

MRS. R. (*furiously*). Ah-h-h! Movin' picters! It's little enough she goes to the movin' picters, Sarah Mulvey!

NORA. That's a hard word to come from a single woman to the mother of the childern of a workin' man!

SARAH. A single woman! That comes well from you to me. An' why am I a single woman? If the woman Patrick married had made him wait a year,—if the woman Patrick married had known how to save an' spare an' send a bit home to the old people, so it hadn't all come on me,—it may be that I'd be a woman in me own house instead of a gen'ral girl to-day. For there was a lad I'd have made into a gentleman was wild then to have me ——

NORA (*with a scornful laugh*). A great gentleman!

SARAH. —— an' me not takin' the first offered, as some that's now married was quick to do!

NORA (*hotly*). Do ye mean me?

SARAH (*hotly*). Put on the shoe if it fits!

NORA. Now I'll give ye the truth!

SARAH. Ye don't need to for I know it, that found Patrick's empty pay envelope on the floor. The dress I sent was sold,—the money spent before I got here,—an' me brother's envelope robbed,—robbed by his wife.

MRS. R. That's a lie!

SARAH. Then show me the dress!

MRS. R. I'll show ye!

NORA. No, mother, leave me speak. The dress ye sent so kindly for my child's christenin' is gone where none of us can find it, through no fault of mine.

SARAH. An' if it was torn by the childern or if it was scortched in the ironin' where's what's left of it? Is it likely there'd be no small shred left to show me? Is it likely ——

NORA. Likely! Likely! An' is it likely that when three weeks is scarce past since I near gave me life for me baby, that I'd be ready so soon to rob the father an' the child?

MRS. R. (*scornfully*). Hush, Nora! What use sayin' that

to a single woman? Tell her how ye lent the dress an' lost it, an' let her take it as she will.

SARAH (*quieting for a moment*). Lent the dress an' lost it?

NORA. So ye won't believe me?

SARAH (*with biting sarcasm in her voice*). Why shouldn't I believe ye? I wonder I'd not thought of it before. For to get a great name among the neighbors, it was easy to throw the dress I sent away. Like ye threw money right an' left the first year ye were married, knowin' I'd send home Patrick's share as well as mine. Yer fine friends borrowed the dress, the way ye "lost" it—"lost" it, an'opened me brother's pay envelope to replace it, that they might think ye were too grand to ask it back.

NORA. An' how could I ask back a dress was sold, will ye tell me, sold by them that borrowed it? Sold by the child's father, over the fence to a Jew peddler?

SARAH (*in a white heat of anger*). An' that's the like of yer friends! Ye lent the dress I sent to some miserable foreigner,—some thievin' Eyetalian,—to the sort that no one in yer husband's family would look twice at! This settles our dealin's together. I'll go now.

NORA. I lent it to Barty Leahy!

(*An instant's silence.*)

SARAH (*staring at her as if she had been struck*). Barty Leahy?

NORA (*ironically*). One that none of me husband's family would look twice at.

SARAH. Barty Leahy,—the tall, straight, black-haired feller,—looked like an officer in his uniform,—he sold a borrered christenin' robe?

NORA. Across the fence to a Jew.

SARAH (*with a helpless protest*). Not him!

NORA. An' turned it into gin.

SARAH (*pleadingly*). Ah, not Barty.

NORA. Barty Leahy, the fine gentleman!

SARAH. Might have been the twin brother of that young Irish officer! Nora, is this the truth? (*She seizes her by the wrist and for a moment they look full into each other's eyes. Then* SARAH *flings* NORA'S *hands aside.*) No, ye'd not tell that lie of a neighbor! Barty Leahy, that used to drink the cream!

(*She drops into a chair by the table and buries her face in her hands.*)

MRS. R. There she sits that sent other men away for him.

SARAH (*looking up*). Oh, the prayers I've said an' the holy books I've read an' the penance I've done for to drive him from me mind!

MRS. R. You a good religious woman workin' out in the best places ——

NORA. An' wantin' another woman's husband!

MRS. R. Be still, Nora Mulvey! Ye've yer own penance comin'. Don't talk like a fool.

SARAH. Let her say what she will. Ten years to me shame I've remembered Barty Leahy. Ten years! Ten years I've treasured up anger because Patrick's marryin' early stood in the way of me marryin', who? Some one I thought next door to a gentleman—this thievin' man!

MRS. R. Listen, woman! Now ye can mend. Here's yer brother's wife saved ye marryin' him.

SARAH. Ten years,—with its troubles an' sorrers,—a long time to look back upon, with its ups an' its downs. Ten years! Thinkin' that not marryin' the man ye wanted was the sorrer of sorrers. An' look who it was I, who like the gentry, wanted—Barty Leahy, the meanest man I'd ever known! (*Scornfully.*) Looked like an officer in his uniform!

MRS. R. Then why remember him from now on? (SARAH *starts to speak.*) Daughther! Listen to me. Out of kindness ye sent the dress to Nora ——

NORA. Kindness! Out of kindness she sent it. Out of kindness I lent it. That same kindness has been a cause of sin to Barty Leahy an' a cause of sin to me. All in a minute I'd taken the money himself give me. All in a minute I'd spent it. 'Twill be more than a minute before I get it back again.

MRS. R. Ye didn't take it from the pay-envelope!

NORA. I did!

MRS. R. Six dollars from yer man's pay-envelope that he gives ye reg'lar an' it unopened! An' what will ye do with yer neighbors goin' in an ambulance to the hospital, an' hot weather comin' on? An' himself goin' without his pipe an' crushed with debt the way he'll soon be drinkin', him the good man he is an' all. An' for no reason but ye were afraid to say ye were Christian enough to lend a dress to a neighbor's young one, for no reason but *that* ye've taken the money himself give

ye for the house, an' spent it on laces an' such like that ye can't afford. Shame on ye, shame on ye, Nora! Himself has the good right to desert ye,—an' you without so much as a pot of boilin' water,—if I am yer own mother says it to ye to-day!

SARAH (*opening her purse and flinging it down with a gesture of one to whom it is nothing*). No, no, Mrs. Ryan! Take me purse, Nora! Put back the six dollars in yer own decent man's pay-envelope again!

NORA (*clutching it*). Sarah! May the Lord bless an' reward ye! (*Opens purse.*) May ye be prospered! (*Takes out money.*) May ye have all the happiness on earth an' a long rest in God an' a good bed in Heaven!

SARAH. What's six dollars to the woman might have been supportin' Barty Leahy at the wash-tub if things had gone her way.

MRS. R. True for ye, Sarah Mulvey! Ye're a good woman. An' ye're free from all thought of him forevermore.

SARAH (*with a long breath*). Yes, I'm free from him. (*With growing feeling.*) Who'd a wish now to see him sleepin' or wakin', on earth or in heaven?

MRS. R. Not you, not you, Sarah Mulvey, a good religious girl, workin' out for none but the gentry ——

NORA. Reg'lar in all yer church duties, year's end to year's end!

SARAH. Not me, that thought this lazy, lyin', drinkin' feller was the nearest a girl could come to a real young gentleman! Not me, that knows now no woman livin' would even make a man out of a feller would steal a baby's christenin' dress ——

MRS. R. } A borrered christenin' dress!
NORA. }

MRS. R. An' sell it to a Jew.

NORA. Across the fence to a Jew.

SARAH. Barty Leahy was no more like that young Irish officer than night is like the day! (*In a burst of joy.*) What's Barty Leahy to me? What's Barty Leahy beside the little shop I've saved up for?

MRS. R. } (*with bated breath*). Shop!
NORA }

SARAH. What's Barty Leahy beside the fine caterin' trade I'm plannin' in me mind?

MRS. R. } (*with bated breath*). Listen to that!
NORA }

SARAH. What's Barty Leahy to me? I never wanted

Barty nor anny other man! (*Goes on almost solemnly; dreamily and gently*). It's a strange world, an' strange things happens. . . . There was a saint, Mrs. Ryan—there was a saint once, Nora, darlin'—a good man, could see the whole world at one time. . . . Now, in a small way, I'm like him. I'm seein' meself in that same wideness. . . . That's a queer thing, comes to a body seldom in his life. . . . There was a week at home, before sailin', an' I mind that week well. There was Barty in his uniform, when I come here, a friend of me two brothers, looked to me like a gentleman. An' there was yeself, marryin' Patrick before either of ye could afford to. . . . An' so I'm free of Leahy, but at the end it's not me prayers an' holy books an' penance, but this black sin of his has driven him from me mind.

MRS. R. But ye'd said them an' ye'd read them an' ye'd done them, all the same.

SARAH (*in a low voice*). An' that's right, too.

(*A little silence.* MRS. R. *draws a deep sigh, then, after the fashion of certain very old people, she returns to the present, much aggrieved.*)

MRS. R. Me tea's cold!

SARAH. So it is! What's the matter with us havin' a fresh cup?

NORA (*hurrying to stove*). What matter indeed? Ah, Sarah, ye've done well. Ye'll be goin' out givin' lunches an' dinners. Ye'll be called Miss Mulvey. There'll be grand entertainin',—fine people —— (*All are seated at the table.*) There was manny of them young officers went down to Africa an' never come back, they say. An' Barty looked like the young Irish gentleman! It was comical.

SARAH. It was odd. (*Condescendingly.*) Nora, I'm very sorry for Mrs. Leahy. I'll give ye a couple of dollars, next week, to lay out for her as ye think best, without sayin' it. come from me.

NORA. Ain't that kind of ye!

MRS. R. (*warmed by tea*). Ye'll be prospered.

SARAH. Ain't I better off, born to be a maiden, than she?

MRS. R. Indeed, the likes of you is happier when they don't marry.

NORA. Manny the care a mother has. Didn't I catch Johnny in a lie only to-day?

MRS. R. Patrick need not know about the stealin' of the dress.

NORA. He need not. An' there'll be nothin' hard at all in me tellin' him that Mrs. Leahy sent the dress to be ironed, an' that a small boy brought it back, a moment since, as fresh as the day it come.

MRS. R. Say nothin' about the small boy, Nora. 'Twould be a lie. That ain't ne's'ry.

Enter PAT.

PAT. Was it cream'ry butter ye wanted, Nora?

NORA. Ah, Patrick, here's Sarah herself.

PAT. Well, Sarah!

SARAH. Well, Patrick!

(*They shake hands.*)

PAT. Ye're lookin' fine.

SARAH. So's yeself.

PAT. I'm glad to see ye here, Sarah.

SARAH. I'm very glad to be here, Pat.

PAT. (*jovially*). An' all of ye drinkin' yer tea before I get here, an' me out doin' the woman's errands, to fill ye up with butter at forty cents a pound!

NORA (*jovially*). Sit down, sit down, take yer tea an' keep yer temper.

PAT. Where's the childern?

MRS. R. Don't fret. They'll soon get here.

PAT. There's the dress.

MRS. R. That elegant dress!

PAT. (*to* SARAH). It cost ye too much.

SARAH. It was cheap at the price.

NORA. An' it come home in such elegant shape.

PAT. Didn't I tell ye Sarah'd not care?

NORA. Suppose it hadn't come? Suppose annything had happened to it? Suppose I'd lost the one dress in all the city for me own taste? (*All seated at table but herself.*) The dress Sarah picked out with her own hands?

MRS. R. There was an awful comical story, about a man had a little black dog ——

(*As the curtain begins to fall, a hand-organ is heard outside. Curtain falls quickly, and from behind it comes a burst of laughter.*)

CURTAIN

ENGAGED BY WEDNESDAY

A Farce in Three Acts

By Grace Arlington Owen

Five males, eleven females. Costumes, modern; scenery of little importance. Plays an hour and a half. Arthur Watson and Lucile Persons, long destined for one another by their respective mammas, are suddenly told, after a separation of seven years, that they are to get engaged at once Neither likes the idea, and being personally unknown to one another, each persuades three friends to masquerade under their names for a day. The result is bewilderingly funny. Very easy, funny and effective. Strongly recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MARTIN HENRY, *the laziest man in the county.*
ARTHUR WATSON.
JACK, TED, DICK, } *friends of Arthur's.*
MISS ABIGAIL PERSONS, *a woman of ideas.*
MRS. WATSON, *a gentle person.*
LUCILE PERSONS.
MARIE, JANE, MABEL, } *friends of Lucile.*
MARY, *Martin Henry's aunt; cook at the Persons'.*
FIRST GIRL.
SECOND GIRL.
FIRST GYPSY.
SECOND GYPSY.

THE TEMPLETON TEAPOT

A Farce in One Act

By Grace Cooke Strong

Four males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. The Templeton Teapot, a priceless antique, gets tangled up with a modern love-affair and has some strange adventures in consequence, getting the hero arrested as a burglar and every one else sadly mixed up. Bright, brisk and entertaining. Recommended for schools. *Price, 15 cents*

THE TURN IN THE ROAD

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Nine males. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. Hiram Skinner's cow gets mixed up with some Colton University students and, besides causing more or less fun and excitement, brings it about that the most insignificant "grind" in college is about the best man there. Sympathetic and interesting. A good high school play. *Price, 15 cents*

A FOUL TIP

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Charles S. Allen

Seven males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one exterior scene, not changed. Plays two hours. The safe at Irving's factory is robbed and three persons are under suspicion, which finally settles most strongly on Verne Gale, the hero, who, to protect Hal Irving, old Irving's son, whom his sister Nellie loves and whom he believes to be the real culprit, keeps his mouth shut save for protesting his own innocence. "Uncle" Tim Purdy is loyal to him and, with the aid of Pete Adams, the colored pitcher of the Westvale nine, finally discovers the real culprit. A strong play with unusual strength and variety of character and abundance of humorous lines and incidents. Very highly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

TIM PURDY, *postmaster, chief of police and storekeeper at Westvale.*
HIRAM ROWELL, *the village expressman.*
OLIVER IRVING, *manufacturer.*
HAROLD IRVING, *his son.*
VERNE GALE, *manager of the Westvale nine.*
POLLARD, *Irving's bookkeeper.*
PETE ADAMS, *colored pitcher on the Westvale nine.*
ALMIRA PURDY, *Tim's wife.*
MABEL REMINGTON, *Irving's stenographer.*
NELLIE GALE, *Verne's sister.*
Members of the ball team, villagers, etc.

DADDY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Lilli Huger Smith

Four males, four females. Costumes, modern; two easy interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Mr. Brown exhausts all the resources of science, including smallpox and diphtheria signs, in an endeavor to keep away the admirers of his daughter whom he wishes to keep at home. He finally asks Dr. Chester, who is privately in love with her, to help him to dissuade her from becoming a trained nurse. The doctor does so by marrying her himself. Very clever and amusing; full of wit and of high tone. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MR. WREXSON BROWN, *just like his fellow men.*
TEDDY BROWN, *his son, pursuing football at college.*
PAUL CHESTER, *a young doctor.*
THOMPSON, *the Browns' butler.*
MRS. WREXSON BROWN, *just like her fellow women.*
NELLIE BROWN, *her daughter, a débutante.*
MRS. CHESTER, *Mr. Brown's sister, pursuing ill-health at home.*
JANE, *the Browns' cook.*

ALIAS BROWN

A Satirical Farce in Three Acts

By E. J. Whisler

Eleven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Keeler, fearing arrest for participation in a glove contest in Sacramento, adopts the name of a cigar salesman, Brown, whose card he finds in the train, and flees to Reno. Too late he finds Brown to be named as the corespondent in a divorce suit brought by Mr. Logan against his wife, and that Mr. and Mrs. Logan and Mary Gilbert, the girl of his heart, are all on the ground. His troubles are many, but he finds a way out of them. Good rapid farce and very funny.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MR. JAMES LOGAN, *a young married man. Age about twenty-five. Quick tempered.*

MR. MORTIMER, *"Mrs. Mortimer's husband" not subdued, but submerged. Age about forty.*

JOHN BROWN, *a cigar salesman. Age about forty. A practical business man with no frills. Somewhat bald and a little gray.*

VINCENT ALLGOOD, *the hotel clerk (Nuf ced).*

MONTMORENCY, *a bell hop.*

HENRY KEELER, *a young man of about thirty. A gentleman of leisure, and a good fellow.*

BILLY NEWCOMB, *a newspaper reporter. Alert and on the job.*

LA RUE, *the chief of police. A little heavy mentally, but persistent and faithful.*

MR. THOMAS RICHIE, *a good-hearted, but weak young fellow, of about twenty-four.*

LEE WATERS, *a theatrical manager. Pompous and much inclined to run things.*

RASTUS, *a porter.*

MARY GILBERT, *a public stenographer. Age about twenty-five. A practical, sensible girl.*

MRS. MARIE LOGAN, *a young married woman. Age about twenty-two.*

MRS. BEATRICE MORTIMER, *an actress. Age about forty-five.*

MRS. JOHN BROWN, *about forty years old. Very mild mannered, a little old-fashioned.*

MRS. THOMAS RICHIE, *age about twenty. A flighty little thing, frivolous, but affectionate.*

A FULL HOUSE

A Farce in One Act

By Dorothy Waldo

Three males, three females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. Mrs. Jinks, who keeps a boarding house, gets two applicants for her second floor front mixed, and manages by accident to straighten out a tangled love affair. Full of laughs. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents

RED ACRE FARM

A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Gordan V. May. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours. An easy and entertaining play with a well-balanced cast of characters. The story is strong and sympathetic and the comedy element varied and amusing. Barnaby Strutt is a great part for a good comedian; "Junior" a close second. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE COUNTRY MINISTER

A Comedy Drama in Five Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery not difficult. Plays a full evening. A very sympathetic piece, of powerful dramatic interest; strong and varied comedy relieves the serious plot. Ralph Underwood, the minister, is a great part, and Roxy a strong soubrette; all parts are good and full of opportunity. Clean, bright and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE COLONEL'S MAID

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

MOSE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. W. Miles. Eleven males, ten females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. A lively college farce, full of the true college spirit. Its cast is large, but many of the parts are small and incidental. Introduces a good deal of singing, which will serve to lengthen the performance. Recommended highly for co-educational colleges. *Price, 15 cents*

OUR WIVES

A Farce in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half. A bustling, up-to-date farce, full of movement and action; all the parts good and effective; easy to produce; just the thing for an experienced amateur club and hard to spoil, even in the hands of less practical players. Free for amateur performance. *Price, 25 cents*

THE SISTERHOOD OF BRIDGET

A Farce in Three Acts by Robert Elwin Ford. Seven males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays two hours. An easy, effective and very humorous piece turning upon the always interesting servant girl question. A very unusual number of comedy parts; all the parts good. Easy to get up and well recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

Popular Plays

THE COUNTRY MINISTER

A Comedy Drama in Five Acts

By Arthur Lewis Tubbs

Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery not difficult. Plays a full evening. A very sympathetic piece, of powerful dramatic interest; strong and varied comedy relieves the serious plot. Ralph Underwood, the minister, is a great part, and Roxy a strong soubrette; all parts are good and full of opportunity. Clean, bright and strongly recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

THE TEASER

A Rural Comedy in Three Acts

By Charles S. Allen

Four male, three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. An admirable play for amateurs, very easy to get up, and very effective. Uraliah Higgins, a country postman, and Drusilla Todd are capital comedy parts, introducing songs or specialties, if desired. Plenty of incidental fun.

Price, 25 cents

THE HERO OF THE GRIDIRON

A College Comedy in Five Acts

By Estelle Cook

Nine male, four female characters and supernumeraries. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy interiors and exteriors, not essential. Plays about two hours. A successful farce suited to co-educational and other colleges; very easy and remarkably effective in performance. Can be played only on payment of a royalty of $5.00 for each performance to the author.

Price, 25 cents

MOSE

A Comedy in Three Acts

By C. W. Miles

Eleven males, ten females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. A lively college farce, full of the true college spirit. Its cast is large, but many of the parts are small and incidental. Introduces a good deal of singing, which will serve to lengthen the performance. The inevitable football is an element of its story, but its strongest dramatic interest does not depend upon this. Recommended highly for co-educational colleges.

Price, 15 cents

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by

BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass

THE SUFFRAGETTES' CONVENTION

An Entertainment in One Scene

By Jessie A. Kelley

One male, twelve females. Costumes, modern and eccentric; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a quarter. Another of Mrs. Kelley's popular assemblages of the floating humor of the Suffragette question. Just a string of humorous lines and characters and local hits aimed to raise a hearty laugh without hurting anybody's feelings. Suited for women's clubs and for general use in private theatricals.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MRS. JOHN YATES, *presiding officer.*
MRS. SILAS CURTIS, *suffragette speaker.*
MRS. EBEN ALTMAN, *suffragette speaker.*
MRS. ELDON KEENER, *anti-suffragette.*
MRS. OSCAR DAYTON, *anti-suffragette.*
MRS. JONAS HARDING, *anti-suffragette.*
MISS ROSABELLE HYACINTH, *engaged.*
MISS PRISCILLA PRUDENCE, *would like to be engaged.*
MISS ANNA HELDER, *great on style.*
MRS. CHARLES BATES, *anti-suffragette.*
MRS. RUSSELL SAGER, *suffragette.*
MRS. FRANCIS WOOD, *suffragette.*
SILAS CURTIS, *who becomes an ardent advocate of woman suffrage.*

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

A High School Comedy in One Act

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Three males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays one hour. Three seminary girls go to the masquerade on the sly, get mixed up there with some students and have a narrow escape from detection. Their later anxieties are complicated by the fact that they discover that one of the younger members of their own faculty was also there; but this later suggests a plan by which they escape. Very bright and breezy and full of fun and action.

Price, 15 cents

LOOK OUT FOR PAINT

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

By Cornelius Shea

Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays an hour and a half. An elderly maiden, making a "flash" at a summer boarding-house, runs into a young artist with whom she has corresponded through a matrimonial bureau. He is an admirer of the landlady's daughter and tells her the facts before the lady has seen him. She induces Roamer, a tramp house-painter, to exchange identities with his fellow artist with side-splitting results. A capital piece, full of humor and very easy. Recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 215 173 3

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

S. J. PARKHILL & CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON, U.S.A.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 215 173 3